UZZIAH
AND
JOTHAM.

A
POEM.

Licensed and Entred according to Order.

Obscuris vera involvens. Virg. Æneid. l. 6.

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THE PREFACE.

POEMS of this Nature have ſeldom fail'd of Reception; A Veil drawn over the Deſign in Poetry creates a Curioſity, if not a Reverence. Abſalon *and* Achitophel *was a Maſter-piece; I mean the* Firſt Part; *the Second being written by another Hand, and (like the Reſt of that ſort) a faint Imitation of the Former. The Author has my leave to ſay as much of this Eſſay. If you take it for a finiſht Piece, you are Cheated; but if you will not allow it to have any thing of a* Genius, *I ſhall not be concern'd, becauſe I know you are miſtaken. I will confeſs, that it was written to pleaſe a* Party, *and which I hope is the Greateſt, I mean the* Moderate. *A better Hand might have made better Work of it, but muſt perhaps have required more Time than was allotted for This. The Haſt, I am afraid, will but too often diſcover it ſelf. I deſign'd neither the Magnificence nor Exactneſs of a Palace, and ſhall be contented if you take it for one of* Cowley's *Country's Seats, deſign'd*

——to lie
Too low for Envy, for Contempt too high.

The Characters I muſt leave to ſhift for themſelves; and for the Parallel, you muſt make your beſt of it, as I have endeavour'd to do. We find Uzziah *to have been a Prince of great Expectation in the Beginning of his Reign, Victorious over his Enemies; His Name was ſpread amongſt the Neighb'ring Kingdoms; He built Forts, and rais'd a mighty Army,*

Army, provided all manner of Warlike Magazines and Engines, &c. *But* when he was ſtrong, his heart was lifted up to his deſtruction, *and we ſee him offering Violence, to the Temple quarrelling with the High Prieſt, till being oppos'd in his Enterprize, he left the Government and made haſte to be gone: The States thereupon Convening, ſet* Jotham *over the King's Houſhold, to Adminiſter in the preſent Juncture of Affairs, and then plac'd him upon the Throne. The State of the* Jews *under* Uzziah, *we find deſcribed by* Iſaiah, *who propheſied in his Time.* Their Head is ſick, their Heart faint, their Country deſolate, Strangers devour it in their preſence, *&c.* The faithful City *Jeruſalem* became as an Harlot, ſhe that was full of Judgment and Righteouſneſs is fill'd with Malefactors; their Kings and Princes make wicked Counſellors their Companions, their Judges are made for Oppreſſion. *Yet notwithſtanding theſe Fears and Diſtractions, that the Time was juſt at hand, when their Judges ſhould be reſtored as at the firſt, and their Counſellors as at the beginning; which Prophecy was fulfilled by the foremention'd* Jotham; *of whom (beſides the great Character given him in Sacred Writ)* Joſephus *writes thus*: Huic Regi nulla Virtus defuit, erga Deum pio, juſto erga Homines & Reipublicæ ſtudioſo; quicquid enim inſtauratione opus habebat diligenter ſarciendum curavit, in tantumque Regnum auxit, ut tam domi fælix eſſet quum foris formidabilis.

2 Chron. 26.

Iſaiah 1.

Lib. 9.

UZZIAH
And
JOTHAM.

A POEM.

IN dubious Times, when Plots ſo numrous grew,
The Falſe were ſcarce diſtinguiſh'd from the True;
When *Judah*'s ſecret Council did combine
To raiſe the *Jebuſite*, and undermine
Eſtabliſht Law, the free-born Tribes Support:
When *Judges* turn'd Retainers to the Court:
When *Aaron*'s Bells new-fangled Sounds did give,
Inſtruction ceas'd and rang *Prerogative*.
Mild *Amaziah* with his Fathers ſlept
And *Iſrael* for their darling Monarch wept.

2 *Chron.* 24.24,25. Out-worn with civil Diſcord, and too late
Joſ. lib. 9. cap. 8. Repenting the religious *Joas*'s fate;
The Royal Heir from Exile they recall,
Our Temple's Hope, and ſeeming Dread of *Baal*.
Like *Noah*'s Dove, with Olive he return'd,
2 *Chron.* 25. 3. And Regicides alone his Entrance mourn'd.
With him the Temple's Honour was inſtall'd,
The *Torah* and *Moſaic* Rites recall'd.
But oh my Muſe th' ingrateful Task declines,
My ſullen Harp unwilling Conſort joyns,
When *Amaziah*'s Blots we muſt impart,
2 *Chron.* 25. 14. He ſerv'd our God, *but not with perfect Heart.*
Suppos'd thy Gods, *in private* to eſteem,
Mount Seir, and *Incenſe to have burnt to them.*
So *Jebuſites* give out, who uſe to feign,
And would to Heav'n that this their Boaſt were vain.
But while his Faith our *Rabbies* do miſtruſt,
Let Fame be to his Royal Virtues juſt:
Paternal Mercy in his Heart had fixt
Her Throne, and with his Blood's rich current mixt:
His native Clemency, if *Jebuſite*,
Triumph'd at leaſt o'er *Baaliſh* Biggot-ſpight,
E'en while their Fairy Arts his Faith did ſteal,
They cou'd not plant in's ſtead their Fury-Zeal.
His Judgment ſuch, that if it were acquir'd,
'Twas ſcarce to be diſtinguiſh'd from inſpir'd.
Secure of Skill, indulgent to his Eaſe,
Nor till the *Criſis* checkt a ſtrong Diſeaſe.
Gave ſcope to preſſing Faction, but his Pow'r
Was ſtill exerted at the needful Hour:
So *Neptune* (if in our authentick Verſe
Fictitious Poets Dreams we may rehearſe),
While rev'ling in his Coral Cells below
With Sea-green Nymphs, the factious Winds may blow,
Ruffling his Empire, but his Face diſplaid,
Sculk to their Caverns, and the Storm is laid.

Large

Large were his Treaſures which his larger Heart
Did like a giving Deity impart.
With more than human Meen on earth he trod,
He lookt, he talkt, he mov'd a Demi-God.
With wondrous Art could ſlake Majeſtick Awe,
And freſh Reſpect by Condeſcending draw;
Such Magick arm'd his Wit that he cou'd dare
(What no Kings elſe) to be *familiar*.
Allow that to *Baal*'s Altars he inclin'd,
With *Egypt*'s King too ſtrict a Friendſhip joyn'd,
Grant ev'n his Faults t'out-balance his Deſerts,
Spight of all Frailties he poſſeſt our Hearts!
A Charm there was, but whether in his Frame
Or Wit it lay, 'tis that which wants a Name.
So mourn'd he fell, that in the Days of yore,
Our *Deborah* was ſcarce lamented more;
Not fiercer Moans in *Ramah*'s Vale were heard,
When *Samuel*'s awful Reliques were interr'd. 1 *Sam.* 25. 1.
Our Tribes, like loſt deſerted *Saul*, did rave,
And wou'd, like *Saul*, have charm'd him from his Grave. 28. 8.

Uzziah, next of Blood, the Throne ſupplies,
Reputed valiant, active, juſt, and wiſe:
If ſhort he fell of *Amaziah*'s Skill,
'Twas recompens'd in Steadineſs of Will.
But reſolute Monarchs, as they take their Bent,
Do good or harm, prov'd only by th' Event.
A Prophet for his Zeal he might have been:
(But *Saul* amongſt the Prophets too was ſeen.)
Had Truth but nurs'd him, he had fixt his Fame,
And *Sion*'s Daughters ſtill had bleſt his Name.
But foreign Faith had long enſlav'd his Vows,
To foreign Shrines he now in Publick Bows.

Our Tribes o'erwhelm'd in Conſternation lay,
And *Baalites* their erected Creſts diſplay;

Confine

Confine their Walks no longer to the Night,
The Earth-hatcht Vapors mount and blaſt the Light.
The Holy Land does to a Deſart change,
The Laws are muzzled up and Monſters range;
In ſight o'th' Sanctuary they *Baal* invoke;
His Incenſe riſes with the Temple's Smoak.
Old *Babel*'s Whore in Scarlet ſits array'd,
On *Sion*'s Hill her Pageantry's diſplay'd.
Our Tribes howe'er their Loyalty retain,
Nor, while they ſee their *Ark* untoucht, complain.

Old *Canaanites* were Few, who ſtill i'th' Land
Poſſeſſions had, of whom a ſmaller Band
Had ſenſe to weigh their Intereſt with their Zeal,
Nor riſque for doubtful Hopes their preſent Weal.
Wou'd *Sanhedrims* in their *Uzziah*'s Sway,
The Penal Laws revoke———
If here as peaceful Inmates they might ſtay:
As Subjects ſhare the common Liberty,
Their Properties and private Altars free.
This State they could prefer———
To their own *Baal*'s unbounded Tyranny.

Not ſo the Prieſts, who raſher Counſels chooſe,
As having much to gain, and nought to loſe;
They long had labor'd for their Flock's increaſe,
But 'twas in hopes one Day to ſheer the Fleece;
Elſe were they Loſers by *Uzziah*'s ſway;
'Twere dull Enlargement but to Preach and Pray,
Their Altar-Service doubled, not their Pay.
Their old rich Tenures they keep ſtill in Mind,
Theſe, not *Uzziah*'s Greatneſs, are deſign'd.
What Treaty can be made with Prieſts of *Baal*?
You offer nothing offring leſs than all:
No Terms with ſpiritual Claimers can be found,
In Right *Divine*, 'twere Scandal to compound.

For

For Heav'n, poſſeſſion of the Earth they take,
Receive its Rents, and no Accounts to make
Till Doom's-day's come; if any Bigot Son,
In their advent'rous Service is undone,
To make amends, they canonize the Tools,
And ſing 'em to the Paradiſe of Fools.
Fond men, you grutch our Levi's Portion, who
But take the Tithe, and leave the reſt for you,
While your own *Baaliſh Prieſts* of Power poſſeſt,
Scarce leave you Tenths, and take themſelves the reſt.

But of all Prieſts that *Baal*'s Religion nurſt,
The Sect of *Chemarim* were held the worſt;
Whom milder Orders highly did accuſe,
Scarce were they more deteſted by the *Jews*.
Zeal (ſuch as 'twas) did other Sects perſwade,
With theſe Religion was all Art and Trade.
Too well *Baal*'s cruel Myſteries were known,
But theſe brought bloodier Morals of their Own.
Suſpected Kings in Shew-Bread Cakes could kill,
And Cups of conſecrated Poyſon fill.
Creep into Courts diſguis'd, predominate
In Princes Councils, turn Affairs of State,
Break new-cemented Leagues, excite Alarms,
And wake the ſleeping Nations into Arms.
Baal's Cauſe was ſtill at Helm, whoſoever got
Or loſt, the Prince and Publick paid the ſhot;
Like *Dæmons*, beſt delighted in a Storm,
Yet to all ſhapes themſelves they cou'd transform:
The chief amongſt the *Jewiſh* Sects cou'd be,
In Synagogues out-cant the *Phariſee*,
Demure as *Eſſen*, Yea and Nay's appear,
And ev'n the *Atheiſt-Sadducee* outſwear.
Since wiſe *Jehoſhaphat* the Temple ſwept
From *Baaliſh* Rites that by degrees had crept

2 *Chron.* 17. 6.

Into the Sanctuary; our Worſhip ſquar'd
By *Sinai*'s Pattern, and (till then debarr'd)
The Pentateuch reſtore, and Groves deſtroy'd,
The *Chemarim* in reſtleſs Plots employ'd;
Succeeding Reigns with freſh Intrigues did fill,
Still diſappointed, yet perſiſting ſtill.
So Chymiſts, after Years of Toil and Coſt,
Their Limbeck broke, and near Projection loſt;
(For what can ſacred Thirſt of Gold ſubdue)
Stretch forth their pale lean Hand to light their Fire anew.

But now their long expected Day they view,
(*Baalites* it ſeems had their Meſſiah too.)
They ſee the ripening Harveſt of their Pains,
Uzziah's crown'd, their own *Uzziah* reigns;
The Succeſſor they wiſh'd, nor by our Tribes
Refus'd; (ſo Jewiſh Loyalty preſcribes.)
But Time ſhew'd ſince, as Time all Secrets ſhews,
They underſtood him better than the *Jews*.
Their Serpent-Plots that only crept before,
Turn threatning Dragons now, and wing'd to ſoar.
(Much ſafer were they ſtill content to crawl,
For *Moſes* Rod ſhall yet confound 'em all.)

Our Tribes upon the Royal Word depend,
Believe *Baal*'s Worſhipper the Temples Friend.
In *Sanhedrim* he owns our Service true,
His Promiſe he and they their Truſt renew.
With aiding Treaſures make his Coffers ſwell,
2 *Chron.* 26. 6. The Men of *Aſhdod* and of *Gath* to quell.
Baal's Crew with Smiles our laviſh Grants ſurvey,
That complement our Liberty away:
Their Folly yet for ours amends did make,
Too haſty we to give and they to take.
For mark the firſt Return; their Fear's redreſt,
The *Philiſtins* at *Iſrael*'s coſt ſuppreſt;

The

The *Baalites* for his Men of truſt, the King
Proclaims, and into equal Rights wou'd bring
With *Jacob*'s Seed: The *Sanhedrims* cautious Skill
Wou'd ſteer betwixt their Laws and Monarch's Will:
But find their Senate now th' *Egyptian* way,
Not ſummon'd to adviſe but to obey.
Ambition edg'd with Zeal *Uzziah* charms
Unbounded *Pharaoh*'s ſway his Boſom warms,
But to effect it muſt have *Pharaoh*'s Arms.
The *Sanhedrim*'s diſmiſt to private reſt,
Councils disbanded, armed Troops encreaſt:
Unheard, the oppreſt Petitioner muſt wait,
The Soldier and the Prieſt take up the State,
For Furniture of War the Anvil ſounds — 2 *Chron.* 26. 14.
Through *Sion*'s Streets the warlike Steed rebounds;
Forts, Magazines, to boaſt the Prince's Power, — V. 15.
Jeruſalem is aw'd by her own Tower.
On *Ephraim*'s Waſt his Hoſt expos'd to Show,
Encamp'd, and wanting nothing but a Foe.
While *Aſher* from the ſhoar his Fleets admire,
Whoſe Comet-Streamers threat the Coaſts of *Tyre*.

The King thus ſtrengthned, thus his Pow'r ſuſtain'd, — V. 16.
Like *Adam* in his little *Eden* reign'd:
Like him too happy, till his fatal *Eve*
Tempts him, as her the Serpent did deceive,
Their Paradiſe ſate heavy on their hand,
Deny'd the Taſt of abſolute Command.
To her falſe *Chemarim* ſuggeſts the odds
Of this one Plant, that this wou'd make 'em Gods:
She drinks his Counſel with a greedy Ear,
And what he whiſpers to the Kings does bear.

My Sovereign Lord, ſaid ſhe, my Sovereign Lord!
My Senſe is half concluded in that Word.

What can I add, but be the thing I name;
Occaſion prompts, and Fortune plays your Game:
Aſſert your Right of undiſputed Will,
While Law preſcribes you are a Subject ſtill.
Give *Jews* their Freedom, yours they will diſturb,
Looſe-rein'd fly out, but anſwer to the Curb.
Their Temple into Ruins you muſt caſt,
For while their Ark remains, their Zeal will laſt.
Our Rites reſtor'd, ſhall Sov'reign Power renew,
Submit to *Baal*, the World ſhall ſtoop to you.
2 *Chron.* 26. 16. Theſe dazling Hopes *Uzziah*'s Reaſon blind,
Such Counſels ſoon the wiſh'd compliance find,
So eaſie 'tis to ſail with Tide and Wind.

Firſt to the Flames our *Iſraels* Laws they doom,
Levitick Rolls to make *Baal*'s Legends room.
In vain their Engins on the Temple play,
Till *Sion*'s Rock be firſt remov'd away.
Exod. 17. 11, 12. While *Moſes* Tables, like his lifted Hands,
Are kept up-held, triumphant *Iſrael* ſtands.
When once their Exerciſe and Vigor fails,
Our footing's loſt, and *Amalek* prevails.

But Rights ſo ancient and eſtabliſh'd grown,
Are eaſier undermin'd than broken down.
T' aſſault our Laws with open Violence,
Seem'd raſh, the ſafer way was to *Diſpenſe*,
To open Gaps, than quite pull down the Fence.
To lull aſleep the Guardians of our Peace;
(For Law, like Grace, muſt be in act, or ceaſe:)
Judg. 16. 19. So *Sampſon*, *Iſrael*'s Strength, became forlorn,
Firſt laid to Reſt, and then his Locks were ſhorn.
V. 18. Philiſtian *Dalilah* did him betray,
Our needy *Abethdins* our Laws for Pay;
So *Eſau*'s Hunger gave his Rights away.

Prerogative, with which they keep ſuch pother,
Muſt be acknowledg'd ſtill Law's younger Brother.
But how ſhall *Iſrael*'s promis'd Freedom ſtand,
Her ſtrong Holds put into her Enemies Hand?
When in her Cities *Jebuſites* bear Rule,
Baal's ſpurious Brood uſurps the Prophet's School.
When *Canaanites* to judge our Tribes ſeem'd fit,
And *Chemarim* in *Judah*'s Council ſit.
With *Egypt*'s King a ſtrict Alliance grown,
And Embaſſies diſpatcht to *Babylon*.
But *Kiſhon*'s Torrent ſooner wou'd be ſpent,
And *Jordan* ceaſe her Channels to frequent,
Bethesda fail, ere our contracted Rhymes
Recount the Violations of thoſe Times,
And wicked Inſtruments as num'rous as the Crimes.

But *Achans* the chief Troublers of the State,
Unpitty'd muſt be doom'd to *Achan*'s Fate:
Drawn from their Tents for all the Tribes to Curſe, *Joſh.*7.24.
Monarchs may Err, but Inſtruments are worſe,
And Nature ſtill Reſerves of Pity Brings,
(The Danger paſt) for raſh miſguided Kings,
Since without Inſtruments of their unrighteous Will,
Kings cou'd at worſt but be Contemplatively ill.

The Troop comes on, by haughty *Anak* led,
Anak, for ſuch a Tribe a proper Head;
A *Chem'rim* Prieſt, who ſpight of Law and Senſe,
By the mere dint of harden'd Impudence,
With Peers at *Judah*'s Council-Board took place,
Since then his Monarchs and the Court's Diſgrace,
And Scandal of his own intriguing Race.
Hell's Miſſioner, the Spight his Crew deſign'd
He brought, but left their Politicks behind.

Of brainleſs *Anakims* inſipid Height,
A towring Maſt without his Ballaſt weight.
A Plant, whoſe top o'er-ſhooting, ſtruck the Skies,
His Sap no higher than his Trunk did riſe:
For frugal Nature too much Coſt had ſpent,
T' have furniſht to the Top this aukard Tenement.
I'th' name of Nonſenſe, ſpeak ye Miſcreant Sect
Of *Chemarims*, what Frenzy did infect
Your Reaſon, of this Tool your Choice to make?
When all was to be gain'd, and all at ſtake.
Baalak, who thought by Curſing to deſtroy
Our *Iſrael*, did a skilful Seer employ;
In which your Policy he did ſurpaſs,
Who for a *Baalam* ſent but *Baalam's* Aſs.
The Devil long ow'd you Shame, but ſenſleſs Elves
His Payment ſtill foreſtall, and ſhame Themſelves.
By other Methods your Fore-fathers gain'd
Renown, and their myſterious School maintain'd:
Their ſubtler Off-ſpring only made to roam,
Their Ideots (like wiſe Parents) kept at home.
For's Villany this ſeem'd a proper Tool,
Had you the Villain ſent without the Fool.
Gold to your Cells he did tranſmit, 'tis true,
But rob'd the *Jebuſite* as well as *Jew*.
Baal's greateſt Votaries that brought no Bribes,
Might e'en Convert and ſtarve among the Tribes.
His covetous Gripe from Friend or Kin wou'd take,
With him 'twas *Korban* all that he could Rake.
Such *Gibeonites*, as came without pretence
Poor Pilgrims, to have here their Reſidence:
For *Nethenims* of *Baal* he did reſerve,
To do the Drudgery of Prieſts, or ſtarve.
But after all, to give the Elf his due,
In this at leaſt, he was, a Courtier true;

He nickt his Prince's Humor, and cou'd uſe
Such Counſels as perverted Judgments Chuſe
(For vicious Stomachs wholſom Food refuſe.)
Oblig'd for This to mere Defect of Skill,
Not knowing what was Right, he counſel'd ill.
Yet all muſt own, that in the gen'ral Wreck,
While Juſtice he could bilk and ſave his Neck,
He gave one Proof of being Politick.

But on a Clod-Pate Prieſt we dwell too long,
And *Nabal*'s Cholerick Ghoſt complains we do him wrong,
See where with rowling Eyes he buſtles through the Throng.
In his old thundring Note you hear him bawl,
With which he us'd to ſhake the *Judgment-Hall*.
Jeruſalem did firſt this Scorpion nurſe,
Who turn'd her ill-plac'd Favors to her Curſe.
With Court-beams warm'd he brandiſhes his Stings,
On his old Foſterers his Venom flings.
And from their truſty Advocate is made
A Judge, their Rights and Charter to invade.
An Abethdin of Knowledg ſo profound,
That he could make the Law, the Law confound;
Cou'd ſhew the Contracts which with Kings we draw,
Were made our Native Liberty to awe,
And Covenanting to be Slaves by Law.
None ſeem'd ſo fit as ſuch an Abethdin,
To uſher *Baal* or *Moloch*'s Worſhip in.
For who his bloody Progreſs can relate?
When he through *Iſrael*'s Towns advanc'd like Fate.
Where his judicial Breath and dooming Word,
Swept like a Peſt the Reliques of the Sword.
Reſolv'd, whatever Courſe the Court wou'd take,
(Their Way through Fences and through Vineyards make,)
His place of Charioteer he'd ne'er forſake.

Yet

Yet after all unfruitfull pains he took,
Forſook his Friends for ſuch as him forſook.
For ſoon as the Avenger did purſue,
Down from his Seat their Charioteer they threw,
Hard preſt, and not one Refuge Town in view,
To ſordid Shifts (his laſt Relief) he flies,
And *Joppa*'s Dock receives him in diſguiſe.
Thence, to *Jeruſalem* by vulgar Hands
Remitted, yet triumphant in his Bands;
Such Awe preſerving, ev'n in this low State,
As ſerv'd to Fright our City Magiſtrate.

Slim *Pagiel* next, a Wight of working Pate,
That wrigling Animal, that Worm of State;
Admit him here, as he at Court was ſeen,
With meagre ſnivling Look, and Taylor's Meen:
Yet by ſome ſecret Charm which none could tell,
This Thing the *Egyptian* Harlot pleas'd ſo well,
To her ſuch ſervile Offices ſtill paid,
That he the Council's Preſident was made:
This Height, which he in *Amaziah*'s Reign
To all Mens wonder, and his own did gain,
He vow'd to hold in the Succeſſor's time,
At the dear Rate of any ſneaking Crime.
In this alone he ſhew'd a Stateſman's Skill;
For conſcious that he had deſerv'd but ill,
He knew that Meteors glitt'ring in the Skie,
Once fall'n to Earth, neglected Gellies lie
Trampled by common Feet.———
So he once tumbled from his Sphere wou'd grow
That deſpicable Thing we ſee him now.
Fate call'd to have his Stateſman's Courage try'd,
Muſt bow to *Baal*, or have his Place ſupply'd.

A lewd old Peer ſtood gaping by (in caſe
Pagiel ſhou'd ſenſe of Honor have, or Grace)
To damn himſelf in's ſtead, and get his Place;
But *Pagiel* ſwall'wing quick the gilded Pill,
The Devil to thank him leaves for his good Will;
A Pill that ſince Convulſive Pangs did draw,
For to this Hour it grumbles in his Maw.

Decrepit Ribbal next appears in Play,
Who ſpight of Nature wou'd at Court be gay,
Bilk Creditors, but well his Bawds cou'd pay.
Set up for Convert in the Market's Rear,
When *Jebuſites* were packing up their Ware;
Till now he no Religion had profeſt,
And ſtill had in that Character ſeem'd bleſt;
But now he ſtorms at his prepoſtrous Fate,
To chooſe the wrong at laſt, and chooſe *too late*.

In ſome Ambition did With want conſpire;
But what cou'd *Jocthan* mean, whoſe wealthy Sire
(Without the mean Dependence on a Court)
Left more than ample Fortune to ſupport
The Vices of an Heir, who cou'd ſet in
With early Husbandry, and Cheaply ſin.

Diſdain the Peers whoſe Practice cou'd comply,
To give their Senſe and Principles the Lye:
Who then wore ſcornful Look and haughty Port,
And now as meanly Cringe at *Jotham*'s Court.

Fop *Muppim* ſcarce within our Notice falls,
Uzziah he careſs'd in Madrigal's.
Who by his Panegyricks ſuffer'd worſe,
Than good King *David* did by *Shimei*'s Curſe.

Set up for Man of Perſon and of Parts,
And rob'd poor Orange Wenches of their Hearts.
Too skill'd to dreſs, and too unskill'd to write,
Howe'er his Notions in the main were right,
And after all, a harmleſs courteous Wight:
Hard was his Fortune then to give Offence,
And be a Jeſt to Sparks of half his Senſe,
Who to no Science had the leaſt Pretence.
Freſh Dough, whom Nature ne'er thought worth the Baking,
He only was a Fool of his own making.

Room for a Hypocritick Yea and Nay,
Give him his juſt Reſpect, though none he'll pay:
A Zealot of the *Eſſen* formal Race,
Who in ill Manners their Religion place.
Who (cou'd he Oaths digeſt) might ſafely Swear
With real Saints, his Kingdom is not *Here*,
In Climes remote it lies———
To which he does his zealous Vaſſals doom,
But wiſely never meant himſelf to come,
While they'll maintain him at his *Carnal* Home.
For's Principle, 'tis hard to gueſs it right,
If real *Eſſen*, or a *Jebuſite*,
'Tis paſt Diſpute, he was no *Rhecabite*.
It was not want of Senſe that made him Cant;
For Brains he might ſupply dull *Anak*'s want.
And for *Baal*'s Settlement had fairly bid,
If with dead Weight of Prieſt he had not rid.
Sharp for the Work, and proper were the Tools
He fram'd, but blunted in the Hands of Fools:
For *Sion*'s Rock all open Force defies,
And *David* firſt poſſeſt it by Surprize;
But Prieſts too haſty to the Plunder run,
And found a Conqueſt ere the Field be won.

Serpents

Serpents they are, but of the Rattle-kind,
Whoſe Noiſe prevents the Miſchief they deſign'd.

Too long has *Rabſheka* the States keen Spy
Obſerving been, now unobſerv'd to lye.
A ready Scribe, whoſe Wit beyond compare
Cou'd ſubdivide an Atom, ſplit a Hair,
Harangue, rail, banter, cut and come agen,
A very Hocus Pocus at his Pen,
Plots of no Plots cou'd make, and true Plots ſmother,
With Nick-names of Diſtinction keep a pother,
Till honeſt *Jews* fell out with one another.
Such Miſchief his lewd *Jargon* cou'd perform;
So Conjurers with Cramp Words raiſe a Storm.
Of Laws made ſport, yet ſtill was giving Law,
Made *Hebronite* and *Geſhurite* to draw
In Dialogue, like *Sampſon*'s Foxes ſeen,
Yoakt Tail to Tail, with his *Firebrands* between.

Leave ſquinting *Obed* (who took monſtrous pains
Ith' Prophet's School for *Baal*) to Count his Gains.
With *Boloch* that Boar-Prieſt; his Ephod-Lawn
Too thin a Covering for his native Brawn:
His *Tephelin* and *Mitre* were Divine,
His Dreſs was Sacred, all the reſt was *Swine*.
Luck threw him on the Sacrificers Trade,
Whom Nature had for a Lay-Butcher made.

The Catalogue of Converts ev'n at Court,
The Fools and Knaves ſubſtracted, fell but ſhort;
Preferment ſome, and ſome mere Famine drew,
Some choſe *Baal*'s Faith for faſhion, cauſe 'twas New:
His Prieſts no ſort of Cattle did refuſe,
But rakt for Proſelytes the Jails and Stews.

Of

Of which the latter Sort, to do 'em Right,
Free Offerings came, by Sympathy unite
With *Babel*'s Whore; None had ſo juſt a Call,
" Both in the ſame Predicament did fall,
" For Harlot was a common Name to all.
This Scum for *Baal*'s Proceſſion prinkt and dreſt,
Made Figures in his Pageants with the Beſt.

Some Voluntiers did hearty Service pay,
The Penſion Converts, more remiſs than they,
Their Faith and Zeal proportion'd to their Pay.
Baal's Herd the *Jewiſh* Sects of few bereft,
But who had ſham'd the Party which they left,
For whom they conn'd 'em Thanks——'Tis juſt to pay
Your Scavenger that takes your Filth away.

But *Chemarims* vile Drudgery to do,
Such Inſtruments as theſe we cou'd allow.
The Task was proper both for Fools and Knaves,
Such as cou'd make or cou'd themſelves be Slaves.
But with Reluctance our impartial Muſe,
Muſt *Aaron*'s too officious Sons accuſe:
With deep Regret their Error muſt relate,
Not wholly charge the Miſchief on the State,
But lay ſome part ev'n at our Temple's Gate.
Miſtaken Zeal miſled the Prophets Schools,
Made unforeſeeing *Levites*, *Baaliſh* Tools.
The Fault in moſt we'll only Error call,
And freely wiſh it had been ſo in All:
Our Rights by Paſſive Doctrines to betray,
And tempt the Prince to Arbitrary Sway:
To fill our Ears with Lectures that at laſt
Would help to Bore 'em too, and Nail 'em faſt.

Unqueſtionable Pow'r to Kings aſſign,
And ſtamp on Tyranny the Seal divine.
As all the free-born Tribes were bound to bear,
And give for Coats the Arms of *Iſſacher*.
And were by Miracles from *Egypt* freed,
To have new *Pharoahs* of their own ſucceed.
This Molten Calf of Arbitrary Power, *Exod.* 32. 2, 3, 4.
Did all our Ear-ring Properties devour.
Though as ſome *Aaron* roſe to ſet it up,
Some *Phineas* ſtill appear'd the ſpreading Peſt to ſtop:
For in this Dragon and Arch-Angels Wars,
We had our fixt as well as falling Stars.
Who yet did nobly from the Crown deſerve;
Nor Service ceas'd till 'twas a Sin to Serve.
Pow'rs of all kinds are Truſts, and ev'ry Truſt
Implies an Obligation to be juſt.
Pow'r muſt be prov'd, Credentials of Conſent
Muſt bring, but Liberty's ſelf evident.
Pow'r is the Ocean which the Earth ſurrounds,
Yet this its ſtation keeps, and That its bounds.
The skilful Steerman's Safety, we confeſs
The common Int'reſt, and 'tis his no leſs
His Ship's Crew to preſerve, to whom he's guide,
Since Sails as well as Rudder muſt be ply'd:
Mad were the Pilot, who becauſe his Helm
He thinks too narrow, will himſelf o'erwhelm.
When Subjects to Deſtruction Monarchs bring,
Th'are Traytors: What's a ſelf-deſtroying King.
If Contract Nature's Liberty confin'd,
'Twas only for the Franchiſes reſign'd,
The reſt muſt ſtill retain their native Courſe,
And juſtly may repel invading Force;
If That be Secret ſo muſt the Defence,
But open Force for open Violence.

If to aſſert our Properties be juſt,
Grant that we may, it follows that we muſt.
Religion too our Property once made,
With common Rights may claim defenſive Aid.
Prerogative has large extent allow'd,
But ever with reſpect to publick Good.
Who Monarchs free from this incumbent Charge,
Betray the Prince whoſe Pow'r they wou'd enlarge?
2 *Chron.* 26. 16. Such *Syren*-Councils made *Uzziah* fall,
As if the Advances on the State were ſmall,
The *Chemarim* for Church Encroachments call.
Preſume that Temple-*Jews* wou'd ſtill be found,
In Fetters of their Paſſive Nonſenſe bound.
So *Sampſon*, by his own Conſent, was ty'd,
So *Philiſtins* upon his Cords rely'd;
Nor was it ſtrange he ſhould thoſe Bands beſpeak,
Which, when aſſaulted, he knew how to break.

The *Phariſee.* On *Levi*'s Tribe at laſt the Tempeſt fell,
While Court-Decrees the Orthodox compel
To give their Birthrights up, or to Rebel.
The *Phariſee* and *Karaim* brought in Vogue;
The Temple levell'd with the Synagogue.
And by pretence of Conſcience unconfind,
The Ark expos'd to drive with ev'ry Wind.
No gen'rous Cauſe the *Jebuſite* cou'd move,
To treat our *Jewiſh* Sects with Terms of Love.
Such groſs Advances common Senſe muſt ſhock,
To hear the Wolves preach Friendſhip to the Flock,
Ev'n when diſguis'd, the borrow'd Fleece they wear,
Their frothy Jaws and Blood-ſtain'd Fangs appear.
For, why ſhou'd they pretend to take away
Th' encloſing Fold, but to come at the Prey.

Reſt, Sep'rate Flock, contentedly fenc'd in,
Till your and our great *Pan* his Reign begin;
Nor fondly be to fatal Freedom drawn
Till he has chas'd the Monſters from the Lawn.

Th' eſtabliſh'd Prieſthood to diſſevering Jews
No regular Indulgence wou'd refuſe,
But wait till *Sanhedrims* an Act of State
Wou'd make the Grant, which they deſign'd a Cheat.
Thus preſs'd, their King's Diſpleaſure they muſt draw,
Or by complying treſpaſs on the Law;
Which then was in the *Jebuſitick* Tongue
Moſt quaintly call'd the *Eating their own Dung*.
From Supplications vain Relief they ſought,
For to Petition then was Treaſon thought.
While *Azariah* the raſh King withſtands,
Jeruſalem beheld her Prieſts in Bands,
Foreboding ſaw the Court and Church at War,
'Tis fatal Strife when Crown and Mitre jar.

The *Chemerim*, like Men long toſs'd at Sea,
And late approaching to the opening Bay,
Spread all their Sail, and out with ev'ry Oar,
Their Stroaks redoubled as they ſee the Shore
More near; ſo they their utmoſt Vigor try,
And in theſe Terms the yielding Monarch ply.

Urge, Royal Sir, your Fortune while ſhe ſmiles,
Advance, poſſeſs your Conquer'd *Iſrael*'s Spoils,
The Harveſt of long Ages doubtful Toils.
Ev'n on their Temple you have footing gain'd,
The dang'rous Brunt already is ſuſtain'd:
Your ſtubborn *Jews* perceive themſelves o'er-match'd,
And tamely ſee their Prieſts from th' Altar ſnatch'd.

Our

Our next Attack their Altar too ſhall preſs,
And *Philiſtins* once more their Ark poſſeſs;
Which to ſubvert our Artifice, ſhall uſe
The Malice of their own Sectarian Jews.
As we before could *Aaron*'s Sons employ,
The *Phariſee* and *Karaim* to deſtroy,
The *Phariſee* and *Karaim* ſhall return
The Flame, the Synagogue the Temple burn:
Each others fatal Conqueſt they ſhall fall,
And Both a joyful Sacrifice to *Baal*.
For *Baal* at laſt prevails on *Iſrael*'s God,
His Magick blaſts their *Aaron*'s blooming Rod.
Nor has your Progreſs on the State been leſs,
The State already does your Power confeſs.
Diſpenſing Rabbies on their Laws have made
Such Inroads, you may legally invade.
Surrendring Towns their Charters have reſign'd
To be new-model'd to their Prince's Mind.
With *Manna* cloy'd, to *Egypt* they retire;
'Tis fit they have the Yoke which they deſire.
Reſtore their Task-maſters, and let 'em find
Their *Sampſon*'s Fate; ſince voluntary blind
They will become, with *Sampſon* make 'em Grind.
Ev'n *Sanhedrims* your Sov'reign Will ſhall meet,
And plant their ſervile Necks beneath your Feet.
A grand Sum total but of Unites made,
And One by One are eaſily eſſay'd.
The Repreſenters ſhall be, Half, your Choice,
The reſt blind Chance, and blinder People's Voice.
Corrupt the choſen Guardians of the Tribes,
And, like Truſtees, they'll ſell their Ward for Bribes.
The ſureſt Bait your hungry Jew to draw.
Their new Decrees ſhall keep the reſt in awe,
Chous'd with the ſpecious Idol Name of Law.

Whoſe Sanctions, tho from thoſe of *Sinai*'s Mount
They differ, will return the ſame Account.
For tho the Property be chang'd, the Name
And Form preſerv'd, its Force will be the ſame.
As *Jeroboam*, who did Calves erect
Like Cherubims o'th' Ark, which in effect
Ten Tribes of Twelve to his Subjection brought,
And pleas'd ſuch lazy *Iſraelites* as thought
The Temple too remote. — One kind Decree
In *Sanhedrim* from Penal Laws ſets free
Your *Jebuſites* to finiſh the Diſpute;
The Dragon-Teſts remov'd, we ſeize the golden Fruit.
But if theſe legal Artifices fail,
Stand to your Arms, and by the Sword prevail.
Your Army's now half ſettled on the Lees,
Th' unſettled you muſt purge by juſt degrees.
The Ferment thus drawn off, ſupply their place
With truſty *Geſhurites* or *Egypt*'s Race;
Till *Iſrael* of Your Troops in Awe ſhall ſtand,
The Tribes at theirs, and They at your Command.
So *Pharaoh* roſe, ſo ſhall *Uzziah* tow'r,
Maintain, and then you juſtifie your Pow'r.
And leſt Engagements paſt ſhou'd breed Remorſe,
Baal's ſacred Cauſe ſhall conſecrate the Force;
Our myſtick Rites ſhall with Religious Charms
Your Foes make feeble, and ſecure your Arms.
Your cloudy Pillar thoſe, and theſe your Guardian Fire,
Live then a Monarch uncontroul'd, and Saint expire.

Thus did old *Babel*'s Miſſioner conclude,
The Monarch's Int'reſt feign'd, but Her's purſu'd;
For ſuch is that myſterious Harlot's skill,
While ſhe to Kings permits unbounded Will,
'Tis with Reſerve to be her Vaſſals ſtill.

Betwixt them both compacting to controul,
The Prince the Subjects Body, She the Soul;
The Prince her ſpiritual Empire muſt enjoyn,
And in Return She cons him *Right Divine.*
While two ſuch Milſtones the vex'd People grind,
The Flower's drawn off, the Bran but left behind.

How wretched now, loſt *Iſrael*, was thy State
Cowring and faint with thy Oppreſſor's Weight,
And trembling with each hour's impending Fate!
Our *Sion*'s Daughter ſcornfully oppreſt,
By *Zim* and *Ohim* our proud Tow'rs poſſeſt,
And *Judah*'s Court of obſcene Birds the Neſt.
Our holy Mountain all o'er-run with Weed,
With *Baalites* and our own Apoſtate Breed,
For Renegadoes muſt with double Rage
Advance, to ſhew they heartily engage.
In *Hebron* ſee how Arbitrary Pow'r
Already does their free-born Rights devour;
In *Geſhur* Land beyond the *Jordan*'s Flood,
The Monſter licks her Jaws for thirſt of Blood;
Judg. v. 8. 'Mongſt forty thouſand Sons of *Iſrael* there,
Speak if a Shield were found or pointed Spear.
For ſince oppreſſing *Shagmer*'s lawleſs Days,
The Traveller paſt through unbeaten Ways.
Inhabitants the Villages forſake,
From *Zeb* to Northern *Maachati*'s Lake.
In vain does pitying *Hebron* hear their Groans,
In vain the *Jordan*'s Tide tranſmit their Moans,
That may ere long bear back our Cries to them,
The loud Laments of his *Jeruſalem.*
Behold the *Moloch*-Sacrificers ſmile,
And ready for the Fire, erect the Pile:

For Captive *Judah* no Relief is found,
The Victim lies before the Altar bound,
And waits each Minute for the fatal Wound.
With worſe than *Iſaac*'s Lot———
The innocent *Iſacian* Offspring lies,
Their *Unrelenting* Father's Sacrifice.

Where is the Angel now to interpoſe?
Behold from far the Eaſtern Skies uncloſe,
And ſhew the poſting Cherub wing'd to bear
The Sacred Mandate through the wond'ring Sphere.

Now labour'd Muſe, the gloomy Deſart vaſt,
Thy Chaos-dark Stupendous Journey paſt,
Commence a nobler more exalted Flight,
And ſtrike thy joyful Wings in open Light.
New-ſtring thy Harp, and tune thy chearful Lays,
To *Jotham*, the Reſtoring *Jotham*'s Praiſe.
In ſounds to move the raviſht *Hermon*'s Hill,
And faſter make the *Gilead*-Balm diſtill.

In *Tyre* he held his ſolitary Sway,
Silent as Night, but active as the Day;
Contriv'd like *Moſes* while retir'd he ſeem'd,
Thoſe means that lab'ring Nations ſince redeem'd.
For early Deeds renown'd and manly Senſe,
Without the Tinſel Pomp of Eloquence:
Swift are his Actions, though his Words be ſlow,
He Conquers by Aſtoniſhing the Foe.
Careſs'd by *Pharaoh*, he cou'd *Pharaoh* ſcorn,
For Miracles and *Egypt*'s Terror born.
Tyre's threatned States with deep Regret he views,
And deſtin'd Bondage of his Kindred *Jews*.

Reſolves

Reſolves at length with choſen Bands to meet
The Common Danger : With his *Tyrian* Fleet
Wing'd for the needful Reſcue, plows the Main,
Though forc'd by Tempeſts to his Coaſts again.
But Time has ſince the wond'rous Cauſe diſplay'd,
The Elements for Hours more proſp'rous ſtaid,
His Progreſs to ſecure his Courſe delay'd.
O Favourite of Heaven, the Winds and Tide
Eſpouſe thy Cauſe, and battle on thy ſide.
For lo th' officious and conſpiring Gales,
That through thy Courſe impregnated thy Sails,
Juſt execute their Charge.——
Then Vere at once thy Enemies Fleet to Bind,
And lodge thy Navy in the Bay deſign'd.
This Miracle was due to that mild Day
That gave Thee Birth;——The next with chearful Ray,
(For *Iſrael*'s Safety ſignaliz'd before)
Beholds thy Troops expanded on the Shoar;
To whom the Nobler *Iſraelites* repair,
And make Thee theirs, as thou mad'ſt Them thy Care.
Earth trembles, Heaven diſtils, the Mountains quake,
The adverſe Troops no leſs Convulſions ſhake.
Judg. 5. 14, *&c.* From *Machir* valiant aiding Chiefs came down,
And skilful Pen-men out of *Zebulon*.
For thy Diviſions, *Reuben*, Thoughts of Heart
Aroſe, why *Reuben*, Woud'ſt thou not depart
From thy Sheepfolds, but in the gen'ral ſhock,
Remain among the Bleatings of the Flock?
Gilead beyond the *Jordan* was detain'd,
Aſher on Shoar, *Dan* in her Ships remain'd.
Zeb'lon and *Napthali* their Lives expos'd
Through dang'rous Marches with their Champion clos'd.
Mean while auſpicious Stars for *Iſrael* Fight,
And bloodleſs Terror puts her Foes to Flight.

The

The Monarch now ſees with deſponding Heart,
His ableſt Chiefs take the Reſtorer's part,
Haſts from the Field, and from his Palace next.
The Widowed Realm with anxious Thoughts perplext,
Convene their States, who ready Councils ply,
To ſtop the ruinous Breach of Anarchy.
So, if we may ſmall Things compare with great,
The populous Hive, upon their Kings retreat,
In full Convention throng, from Labour ceaſe,
Till a new Ruler fix their wonted Peace.

Reſtoring *Jotham* by the gen'ral Voice,
(The Senates, Peoples; Providence's Choice)
Our *Iſrael*'s reſcu'd Freedom to ſupport,
Submits to Empire, and adorns her Court.
Then did a Series of new Time commence,
And pregnant Months of Promis'd Joys advance.
Our Vineyard's broken Fences are repair'd,
And in our Land the Turtle's Voice is heard.
'Tis heard, but ah! No ſooner heard than drown'd
In our own Murmurs vile ingrateful Sound.
Ah! Stiff-neckt *Iſrael*, ah Rebellious Race,
Too well thou prov'ſt thy Stem by Want of Grace.
Canſt thou forget thy Brick-Kiln Cries ſo ſoon,
And curſe thy Morning Star before his Noon?
Didſt thou for this with Tears thy *Moſes* meet,
And lick the Duſt before his Sacred Feet?
Thy new-ſlipt Yoak ſo quickly canſt thou lack,
With feſt'ring Wounds of Scourges on thy Back?
So ſoon revolting Looks tow'rds *Egypt* caſt,
Becauſe the Wilderneſs muſt yet be paſs'd,
Whoſe Travel few Days March at firſt appears,
Which thy Perverſeneſs may prolong to Years.

What! Ceaſe thy God and Leader to purſue,
Though Miracles on Miracles renew.
Now *Baal*'s Incendiaries with Triumph ſee
The Harveſt of your long ſown Treachery,
Your Nick-Names of Diſtinction, odious Seeds
Still ſpread, and choak our Paradiſe with Weeds.
Whoſe Growth the common Danger once did ſtop,
But, Peace reſtor'd, behold a ſecond Crop,
Judg. 7. 22. As erſt in *Gideon*'s War—
The *Midian* Legions ſhed each others Blood,
Miſunderſtanding, and *Miſunderſtood*;
So *Iſrael*'s Tribes our *Iſrael*'s Tribes oppoſe;
Ah! Leave ſo blind a Fate for *Iſrael*'s Foes:
But *Baal*'s Retainers triumph in our Shame;
And laugh to ſee our Madneſs play their Game.
Each ſtrives the Common Parent to engroſs,
Which neither can without the Common Loſs.
Ah, were our *Moſes* half ſo Raſh as we,
Ere this we had relaps'd to Slavery,
From whence no Miracles once more cou'd ſet us free.
From Truth he meekly does his Meaſures draw,
To all indulgent, but upholds the Law.
Theſe Tares of Strife are ſown by th' Enemies Hand,
For ſtill the *Canaanite* is in the Land.
As to our Journying Fathers it befel,
Num. 11. 4. *Egyptian* Inmates made 'em firſt Rebel.
With *Jews*, who for being Inſtruments of *Baal*,
Preferment had, and loſt it by his Fall.
Theſe cry the Manna down, and fright the Crowd,
Like *Joſhua*'s Spies, with Rumors vain and loud
Of *Anakims* invincible and vaſt,
Ev'n while the cluſter'd Fruit they ſee and taſt.
Not ſo our wiſer Vulgar, nor our Race
Of Chiefs, too numerous for our Song to trace.

Few

Few Names in our ſhort Catalogue muſt ſtand,
The Reſt be left to ſome more skilful Hand:
As when the Wind that did by chance invade
The vocal Reeds, rude Harmony had made,
A liſt'ning Shepherd the bold Task eſſays,
Streight forms a tuneful Pipe on which he plays,
And charms the ecchoing Valleys with his Lays.

In this bright Liſt firſt ſet *Beriah* down,
Of Worth that dignify'd his Ducal Crown:
By none ſurpaſs'd in Birth and Quality,
And yet no *Iſraelite* of mean Degree
Was found more plain and more ſincere than he.
Such were the Worthies that in Natures Prime
Adorn'd her golden uncorrupted Time.
Moſt juſtly was he plac'd in Honor's Van,
Who nobly the firſt Preſident began
To *Judah*'s Peers, and rather than ſupport
The *Jebuſite*, forſook the Guilty Court.
His Loyalty was like his Blood, ſublime,
Yet could he not be Loyal to a Crime.

Amri and *Adriel* o'er the Sons of Truth
Preſide, their Honors verdant as their Youth:
Amri, who rather choſe his Sphere to quit
At Court, than to an Infamy ſubmit.
His Place and Prince's Smiles wou'd rather loſe,
Than *Babel*'s Meſſenger to introduce:
Our Prophets future Patron ſcorn'd to be her Tool!
As juſtly *Adriel* claim'd the other Prophets School,
Whoſe Anceſtry had been th' eternal Rule
Of Juſtice, Fame, and what ev'n Fame tranſcends,
Our Temple's and the ſacred Muſes Friends.

Eliaſaph

1 *Sam.* xxi. 13, 14. *Eliaſaph* in Title great, and Blood,
A bold Aſſerter of his Country's Good;
Whoſe Triumph 'twas to be miſunderſtood.
As *David* once in Policy made ſport,
To 'ſcape the Snares of *Achiſh* treach'rous Court.

But ſee *Barzillai* like a Cedar riſe,
Whoſe Verdant Age attracts our Wondring Eyes:
See how beneath his charitable Shade,
Th' Oppreſs'd and Exil'd at Repoſe are laid;
On whom the kind refreſhing Dew diſtils,
With which juſt Heav'n his ample Branches fills.
Goodly, erect and fair, as in his Prime,
An *Eden*-Plant that triumphs over Time.
In Paradiſe his Stand ſeems ſtill to be,
Where never Tempeſt ſhook the Sacred Tree.
Ah flatter'd Muſe, truſt not too much to Form!
For never Plant ſuſtain'd ſo rude a Storm.
A Hurricane of Hell-hatch'd Perjury
His eldeſt nobleſt Branch (itſelf a Tree)
Tore from his weeping Trunk ———
So fell the Pride of *Lebanon*, whoſe Cries
The Sacriledge reſounded to the Skies,
A Pile for thy unhallow'd Altars, *Baal*,
Which from that guilty Hour commenc'd their Fall.
And lo! the injur'd Sire, as 'twas but juſt,
Survives to ſee thy Temples laid in Duſt.

Thee *Zuriel*, grateful *Iſrael* with Applauſe
Muſt greet, the boldeſt Champion of her Cauſe.
Nobly have many other Worthies done,
But *Zuriel*, thou the foremoſt Prize haſt won:
Like *Barak* did'ſt ariſe the Tribes to free
At their laſt Pangs of Gaſping Liberty.

Fame

Fame was grown hoarſe with ſinging Hero's Toils,
Fatigues and Marches in purſuit of Spoils:
Thy Prize was Freedom, Law and Truth's Defence,
Thy Country's Warrior at thy own Expence.
Sprung from a daring Heroe who before
Had Ris'n the Exil'd Monarch to Reſtore.
Such Service, ſure, in the Succeſſors Time,
Had'ſt thou Offended, might atone the Crime;
But guiltleſs was thy Life expos'd at Bar,
(More dang'rous then than any Poſt in War.)
Ingrateful Court, count what thou ſince haſt got!
Such, of ingrateful Courts, be ſtill the Lot.
So *Philiſtines* our *Sampſon* did beguile, *Judg.* xiv. v. 15.
By Heav'n decreed to fall by their own Wile.
His private Wrongs the Heroe did excite v. 19.
T'inſpect the common State of th' *Iſraelite*;
Whom when he found ſubjected to the Yoak,
He rouz'd his gen'rous Might, purſu'd the Stroak,
Till *Iſrael*'s Chains like his own Bands were broke.

Lemuel in Nature's Gifts and Fortune's Wealth
Was amply bleſt, in all things rich but Health;
Though ſtill his Mind, that Empyrean Sphear,
Preſerv'd her Province undiſturb'd and clear.
His Thoughts, his Words, employ'd on proper Theams,
His temper'd Judgment ſteer'd betwixt Extreams:
To him our Rabbies, while confin'd t'his Chair,
As to a living *Oracle* Repair.

Brave *Naſſon* always ſteer'd by Honor's Light,
In Publick Action and in ſingle Fight.

Of elder Peers young *Zeriph* got the ſtart,
The Gifts of Nature ſoon improv'd by Art:

Of Angels Metal, all compos'd of Flame,
Vaſt was the Soul inform'd his ſlender Frame:
True Knowledge to eſteem betimes began,
Read Books and Men, in Youth commencing Man,
So quick, diſcerning, and ſo juſt of Thought,
As if by Years and long Experience taught.
Grant Heav'n this forward Plant to prove as ſtrong,
And as he bloſſoms ſoon, to flouriſh long.

We next ſhou'd rank the Sages of our Law,
But there the Muſe commands the Veil to draw:
Some yet ſuch Zeal and Conſtancy have ſhown
As did the Scandal of the Robe attone.
Iſhba 'mongſt Theſe, with Hands and Judgment clear
From Bribe or Prejudice, muſt Firſt appear.
Deut. i. 13. Thoſe Judge-like Properties by Heav'n requir'd,
Skill, Courage, Juſtice, Truth, in Him conſpir'd.
Who from the Bench cou'd Oracles diſpenſe,
In *Sanhedrim* cou'd ſpeak our Nobles Senſe.
The Great in their Acceſs to him took pride,
Which yet was ne'er to needy Worth deny'd.
Gave Light to th' Bar and *Sanhedrim*'s Debate;
The *Urim* and the *Thummim* of our State.

One Labor more, indulgent Muſe, inſpire;
And that perform'd, unſtring thy conqu'ring Lyre:
For *Amaſel* ſee what thou can'ſt indite,
Our *Iſrael*'s Pride and all Mankind's Delight:
Our Court may now her Dignity ſupport,
Since *Amaſel* vouchſaf'd to grace the Court.
Retrench'd his Eaſe our Freedom to enlarge,
And took the Royal Houſhold for his Charge.
To Buſineſs Sacrific'd his lov'd Retreat,
In him 'tis Condeſcenſion to be Great;

To take ſuch Greatneſs as a Court can give,
Who did from Nature's Sov'reign Gift derive
That *Goodneſs* whence *firſt Greatneſs* did begin;
She threw him th' Overplus of Titles in.
In him the Columns of her Toils were fix'd,
Her Elements in him ſo juſtly mix'd,
That while ſhe does the noble Fabrick ſcan,
She may ſtand up, and cry, Behold a Man!
His Looks and Mind due Symmetry impart,
His Aſpect free, and gen'rous as his Heart.
His Words like *Gilead*'s ſov'reign Balm diſtil,
The ambient Air with Cordial Flavors fill;
Winds watch their Birth, like Sweets to Altars giv'n,
And bear 'em on their roſie Wings to Heav'n.
Deep, Clear, Serene, his ſtrong Conceptions flow,
And make the Valleys fertile where they go.
Too bleſt the Bards that may approach thoſe Streams,
And freight their Genius with eternal Theams.
When to the Muſes Hill he does repair,
(Too ſeldom he affords his Viſits there!)
The Choir riſe up, and *Phœbus* yields the Chair.
Shou'd He the ſtrictneſs of his Judgment uſe,
No Plea were left for any mortal Muſe;
But Pity bribes his Judgment to excuſe.
At beſt we treſpaſs with too bold Deſire
T' attempt his Praiſe, like Flame from th' Altars Fire,
To Heav'n may mount, but *trembling* muſt aſpire.

Fain wou'd our Song have reſted at this Stage,
For what can after *Amaſel* engage?
But ſtill, *Benaiah*, thy induſtrious Age
Does to embark at laſt our Muſe command,
And croſs the *Jordan*'s Tide to *Geſhur* Land.

The good *Benaiah* once led *Pharaoh*'s Arms,
Nor had the Honors of the Field ſuch Charms,
To make him *Iſrael*'s Faith and God refuſe,
For both more zealous than our native Jews.
Great was his Conduct, and his Conqueſts vaſt,
Fame's Stock exhauſted, nought remains at laſt,
But thus to triumph o'er his Conqueſts paſt:
Ev'n on Ambition to impoſe Reſtraint,
And reconcile the Hero to the Saint.
His Conduct ſince in *Geſhur* he expreſt,
More by th' unhealthful Soil than Foe diſtreſt.
There *Helon* fell, and *Othriel* thence Return'd
Too late — —
Both, by our Tribes alike belov'd and mourn'd.
But ſee the Royal *Jotham* on his way,
For *Geſhur* bound, impatient of Delay,
And ſcarce for *Iſrael*'s following Vows will ſtay.
Purſu'd with fervent Pray'rs that muſt prevail,
And Gales of Sighs t'impregnate ev'ry Sail.
To *Egypt*'s diſtant Coaſt his Terror's thrown,
It ſhakes the nodding Tow'rs of *Babylon*.
The harraſs'd Nations ceaſe from their Alarms,
A gen'ral Jubilee of Peace expecting from his Arms.
When *Zim* and *Ohim* ſhall be diſpoſſeſt,
Each rightful Owner in his Palace reſt.
The Earth and Sea no longer be confin'd
To One Man's Proſpect — — *Jotham* was deſign'd
To reſcue *Iſrael* firſt, and then Mankind.

FINIS.